The Weekly Museum.

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ALTAMONT:

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

[Continued from our laft, and concluded.]

FREQUENTLY fhe would pace the garden with quick uncertain ftep, bend on the vacant air her diforder'd eye, and hold difcourfe with the wind. Unreftrained, but clofely watched, fhe would fometimes roam to her favorite grove, and there, in all the filent agony of grief, muſe on fcenes of paft delight—in fullen fience muſe; fave when the care-expreffive figh efcaped her laboring breaft, and the half-formed fentence trembled on her tongue.

"It was here, my Altamont, that I have paſſed with thee whole years of pleafure and delight; thoughtleſs of care, and conſciouſly, too conſciouſly, alas! ſecure from the envenomed ſhafts of angry fate."

And when thoſe ſcenes ſhe mourned, in ſwift ſucceſſion ruſhed into her perturbed mind, her phrenzy would return; and, in loud and angry voice, ſhe would breathe her ſad complaint—"How ſay you, do I not behold his manly form? Do I not hear his voice? Fools, fools! do ye think you can ſhut him from the hawking eye of faithful love? or drown his tuneful accents with the rough voice of intruſive care? Hark! in the murmuring breeze I hear the muſic of his tongue! And ſee, ſee, where on the boſom of yon ſilver cloud, ſoft ſailing through the air, he lies reclined. Ha! then my fears are true! Yes, they have murdered my Altamont!—Oh! thou ruthleſs tyrant! thou monſter, Cromwell! haſt thou not had blood enough to ſate thy proud ambition, and ſupport thy ſtolen power, but muſt my love, my faithful ſoldier, fall the victim of thy inſatiate revenge? Out, monſter! out! Hell gapes to cloſe thee in her infernal womb!" Then, relaxing into tears, ſhe would throw herſelf into the arms of her attendant; indulge her grief, and exclaim—"Oh! when, when ſhall I be at reſt?"

Thus did the loſt Lucaſta drag on a wretched life for many tedious months; at length, her wildneſs centered in a deep and ſullen melancholy. She ſeldom ſpoke, and ſeemed enſtranged to all her friends: her conſtitution hourly decayed; and ſhe, ſmiling, met the cold embrace of death.

If you, ye fair, whoſe eyes ſhall peruſe theſe pages, cheriſh in your boſoms the ſoft emotions of ſacred pity—here pay the grateful meed, here drop the generous tear, and mourn a wretched beauty's, the hapleſs Lucaſta's, melancholy fate—

"Amid the blithe circles appropriate to Mirth,
Go whiſper the ſorrow-fraught tale;
Let Elegance learn, ere her follies have birth,
That her being is wretched and frail."

There wanted not this irremediable ſtroke of fate to compleat the miſery of the unhappy Altamont. He was already become ſpiritleſs and broken-hearted; and the death of his loved Lucaſta haſtened the blow which long had hung ſuſpended over his hapleſs head, and which ſoon after terminated his miſerable exiſtence.

The power of Cromwell was now confirmed; and little apprehenſion was entertained by the uſurper of any attempt to reinſtate a monarchical form of government. The brave Altamont, once rich and powerful, was no longer to be feared; and from this conſideration he was again permitted to enjoy the ſweets of Liberty.

Behold him, then, releaſed from the horrors of a priſon; but ſee him pale, emaciated, poor, and friendleſs.—His thread-bare garments—a poor defence againſt the chilling blaſts of winter, or ſummer's ſcorching heat—told to the gazing paſſenger his wretchedneſs. Unuſed to labor, though inured to hardſhips, too honeſt for the robber's trade, and aſhamed to beg, he knew not how to ſupport that weary life he gladly would have parted with.

From the bounteous hand of Charity, in the perſons of thoſe few remaining friends who mourned in ſecret the miſeries of their devoted country, themſelves to poverty conſigned, he ſometimes reluctantly received a ſcanty pittance; and ſometimes the productions of his pen obtained the hard-earned meal.

At length, his heart, which long had combatted the rude ſtorm of adverſity, ſunk [illegible] the preſſure of accumulated woes. T[illegible]s of want approached him, and his limbs [illegible] racked with a thouſand pains: his ſtrength forſook him; and diſeaſe confined him to his mat of ſtraw. [illegible] hollow wind whiſtled through the brok[illegible] ment; and the drenching rain, from the [illegible] which time had made in his wretched h[illegible] regardleſs of his ſorrows, mingled wit[illegible] he ſhed.

In this miſerable ſituation he waited the approach of death. All earthly care had fled his mind; and he looked forward, with an eye of hope, to ſcenes of future bliſs, where care has no dwelling, and grief and wretchedneſs are unknown.

Thus, in obſcurity, at an early age, fell the once-famed Altamont. In the chilly arms of poverty, he reſigned a life once graced with affluence. A melancholy example of—THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE!

ALBERT AND ALMIRA.

A MORAL TALE.

"I charge thee, Cromwell, fling oway Ambition."
SHAKESPEARE.

AMBITION is a paſſion of ſo powerful a nature, that it not only baffles the ſober dictates of Reaſon, but even renders inactive the moſt noble virtues of the ſoul, or makes them ſubſervient to it's lordly, and often guilty, deſigns. Where lives the man, whoſe boſom cheriſhes not the reſtleſs fire of Ambition? From the ſceptered monarch, to the lowly clown, it ſpreads it's baneful influence. The ſumptuous domes of grandeur, and the ſtraw-ſhed cottage, alike give reſidence to the peace-deſtroying fiend. Let the object of our wiſhes be what it will, Ambition urges it's attainment; and even poſſeſſion cools not the ardour of the flame, but adds a keenneſs to deſire. Not that I deem Ambition always dangerous. In ſome purſuits, when tempered with reaſon, and reſtrained by modeſty, it ought to be cheriſhed; The ſoldier in the field of battle, whoſe boſom glows not with the fervour of Ambition, cannot reaſonably expect the laurels of Victory. In him, Ambition is a virtue; but in thoſe objects, who aim at the attainment of ſituations in life which the united efforts of nature and education have rendered them incapable of ſuſtaining, either with credit to themſelves, or advantage to the community; in them, Ambition is a vice, and merits ſcorn and contempt.

From my obſervation of men and manners, I have learned that Diſcontent is the parent of Ambition. Few there are, I believe, who can with truth aſſert, that they are contented with the ſituation in which Providence has placed them. All would be greater than they are; and many would ſacrifice happineſs itſelf to reach the ſphere of dignity. In love, Ambition is moſt to be dreaded. How many lovely, virtuous females, are there, in this country, pining in virgin ſolitude, whoſe Pride—which here is but another term for Ambition—will not permit them to receive the addreſſes of men, an alliance with whom would reduce them to a lower rank than that which they are taught they hold in ſociety? Too great for the honeſt induſtrious artizan; too mean for the titled peer, or wealthy commoner, they are deprived of the bleſſings of domeſtic ſociety; and ſink into oblivion, without leaving any memento to perpetuate their names, ſave the dumb marble that covers their departed forms. Or ſhould their beauty attract the eyes of grandeur: ſhould their vanity be flattered by the attention of greatneſs, how often are they made the dupes of unmeaning folly! how often do they fall victims to artifice and deceit!

"In pride, in reaſoning pride, their error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell;
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel.
POPE.

To you, ye fair, I now addreſs myſelf. Scorn not then the precepts of him, who is too tenacious of the happineſs of one, to be indifferent to the peace of the reſt of your ſex. And you, ye parents, who in the infant minds of your offſpring diſſeminate with anxious care, the ſeeds of Ambition, peruſe with attention the ſhort hiſtory of Albert and Almira; and learn from thence how dangerous the path that leads to earthly grandeur, in which innocence and happineſs are often loſt, and virtue is manacled in the ſnares of ruin!

Almira was the daughter of a worthy tradeſman, who, having acquired by his induſtry an independent fortune, retired from the noiſe and hurry of the city, to a ſmall eſtate in the country, which he had recently purchaſed, to enjoy the ſtill and tranquil harmony of the country. In this recluſe ſpot, diverſified by every charm of Nature, calculated for contemplation, and enriched by a ſocial and convivial neighborhood. Mr. Oſborne had not yet paſſed three months ere Death ſummoned him to the gloomy manſions of the grave, leaving Almira and her mother to lament his loſs.

[To be Concluded in our next.]

For the *WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

LETTER,

FROM MR. NOBODY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENTLEMEN,

FROM the many thousands of accusations that are laid to my charge every day, one would imagine that I was the blackest Villain, and most mischevious and malicious Dog that ever beheld the light of the sun. Yet I do solemnly protest to you all, (Gentlemen) I am as innocent as a Lamb, and have not one single fault wherewith I can justly be charged. Mankind in general are determined to ruin my reputation, and all the engines of envy and malice are set to work to polute my name. If by chance a man is found drowned. Who drowned him? "Why NOBODY!" If a poor Old Maid should by accident become a mother, without the privilege of the church. Who is the father of the bantling? "NOBODY, as I know of." Also, I should be counted the most wise, renowned and learned man on earth. For instance, Who was stronger than Sampson? "NOBODY!" Who was wiser than Solomon, meeker than Moses, more patient than Job? "NOBODY!" But I declare all these are downright----- I wont say LIES, because, PERHAPS, they were not told with a bad intention, perhaps, without any at all. Therefore I will content myself with saying they were downright MISTAKES. You must know, Gentlemen, that I am not human! I am a NONENTITY!! I am nothing! an Aerial Spirit! an unsubstantial substance, like the winds! In short, I am EVERY BODY, and

NEW-YORK,
Feb. 22, 1796.

NOBODY.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

* * * * * * PHŒBUS was sinking, with his wearied courfers, into the bosom of the west, when I began my Sunday evening walk. I had not proceeded far down a rural lane adjoining my own estate, when I reached a small cottage. There is a weakness incident to human nature, that of boasting the little good we do---I have it---we all have it. This was a cottage which I had myself built; and placed in it a worthy family, whom I had rescued from undeserved oppression. I will endeavor to describe the place, and its inhabitants. The ivy and honeysuckle, as if endeared to each other, grew up together! and, in some degree, darkened the little window it contained. The door stood open. I entered, as usual, without ceremony, and sat down unobserved. In one corner hung a clock, which cried "Cuckoo!" to the departed hour; prints expressive of wonders from holy writ embellished the walls; a turn-up bedstead, a few white chairs, a clean scoured dresser, with a range of pewter plates above, and brass pots and kettles beneath, constituted their stock of furniture.

The father, whose eyes, age and accumulated sorrow had dimmed, was, with the assistance of a pair of spectacles, reading the lessons of the day. His hoary locks hung loosely over his forehead, and gave a venerable aspect to his demeanor; which may be felt, but far outsteps the power of language to express. The veneration with which he uttered every sentence, the adoration which he paid to the important truths they contained, and to their divine origin, I can never forget.

On the right-hand side of this pious instructor, sat his wife. Virtue had been her path through life, and piety her guide. Dressed in all the simple neatness of nature, and dividing her looks betwixt Heaven and her family, she formed a sweet picture of Attention. Near her sat two children, a boy and a girl; emblems of content, and of rosy blooming health. Their eyes were fixed on their father; and, if a tear overflowed his eye, in sweetest unison they wept.

When the old man had finished, he embraced them; and asked of Heaven a blessing for his family, and for him by whose bounty they enjoyed their present happiness. This was more than I could bear! A sigh burst from my bosom; he heard it, and again blessed me. I thanked him. I kissed his innocents; and, wishing him and his wife good evening, put ten dollars into his hand, and returned home, with a heart happy in the bliss which it had prompted, and had felt.

J. W. H.

For the *WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD EVANS,

OF THIS CITY, WHO DIED OF THE MEAZLES.

IN sable garb behold yon mournful throng,
Moving in slow and solemn pomp along,
While unconsol'd, thus at an early date,
The widow'd matron weeps her Edward's fate---
"How vain is life and all its ærial joys,
Children of fancy, which an hour destroys;
In stately ruin lays the palace gay,
Or locks in death the well form'd lump of clay.
The Spring advanc'd, the rose-tree budded forth,
And promis'd flow'rs of beauty and of worth:
But e'er full blown an eastern blast arose,
Nipt the young bud and all it's vitals froze;
Its leaves decay, its wonted beauties fade,
And Nature wraps it in eternal shade.
Thus fell a youth depriv'd of life and breath,
An early victim to relentless death;
Call'd hence in haste to bid the world adieu,
Thus fell my Edward gen'rous, kind and true;
In whose young breast each noble virtue shone,
Such are the traits of my departed son."
Hold, weeping matron, dry that starting tear,
Nor yield ignobly to disponding care;
Thy Edward lives in realms of endless rest,
In Heaven, and in each sympathetic breast.

Feb. 25. A FRIEND TO THE DECEASED.

STANZAS

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO[illegible] we covet, no sceptres desire,
[illegible]ws that garnish the throne;
Yet I[illegible] on her own native lyre,
To celebr[illegible]ons of her own.

[illegible]always with rapture, his virtue she sings,
[illegible]ults of the morn of his birth---
[illegible]very throne of despotical kings,
[illegible]a new lesson to earth.

[illegible]use it, ye winds, as ye blow,
[illegible]e waves, that they fan,
For the choicest gifts that the Gods can bestow,
Is the blessing of Freedom to Man.

O WASHINGTON, hail! whom the breath of pure fame
With praises more sweet shall perfume,
Than ever embalm'd or exalted a name,
In Macedon, Athens, or Rome!

For Freedom, say what did that foe of the Greek
ALEXANDER, that Hero admir'd?
Les Perses, or the friend, whom he massacred, speak,
Or the beautiful City he fir'd.

Ye unfetter'd Freemen, examine each deed
That made him renown'd and ador'd,
Then mention what race by his valour was freed,
Or bless'd by his sceptre or sword?

Did conquering CÆSAR Rome's Senate obey?
Did the Legions disperse at a word?
Did HE halt or retire from a summit of sway
That SAVING HIS COUNTRY conferr'd?

Then WASHINGTON hail! whom the breath of pure fame
With praises more sweet shall perfume,
Than ever embalm'd or exalted a name
In Macedon, Athens or Rome!

Did Athens, did Sparta, one Hero produce,
T' extinguish their feuds by his mind,
Or prove to the free pre-eminent use
Of UNION to them---and Mankind?

Ah no! if wise Greece but one patriot adept,
One Leader like our's had enjoy'd,
No lover of Science or Freedom had wept,
For Science and Freedom destroy'd.

Then WASHINGTON hail! whom the breath of pure fame
With praises more sweet shall perfume,
Than ever embalm'd or exalted a name
In Macedon. Athens, or Rome!

AN AMERICAN.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A PRAYER.

FEELINGS refin'd, a HEART forever prone
To make another's Sorrows all its own.
A candid, liberal, and enlighten'd MIND,
From Errors free, which vulgar Reasons bind.
A SOUL, in which no baser passions reign,
From conscious right no slavish fears restrain.
Grant these, kind Heav'n! nor grant me these alone;
Possess'd of these, my lot I might bemoan:
Complete to bless thy Suppliant's earthly hours,
Let LOVE and FRIENDSHIP add their soothing pow'rs.
Grant me some tender virtuous Fair to wed;
Let Sense and Beauty grace the charming Maid.
To crown my bliss a faithful friend assign,
To share my joys, and mix his tears with mine.
Deign thus, kind Heav'n! my mortal state to bless;
'Tis all I ask---'tis all of Happiness.

January 7. F.

"ISSACHAR IS A STRONG ASS,"

WILLING to carry any burthens through thick or thin; the dirtiest roads, the most formidable obstructions the HILL OF DIFFICULTY, or the VALLEY OF HUMILIATION, are all the same to the STRONG ASSES of this world.

On my return from a visit to a brother parson. I stopped at an inn for refreshment, and an African hostler held my stirrup for a weary limb to dismount. His hat was under his arm, his body bent to more than a curve, and his looks of cringing obsequiousness for a moment angered me, not at him, for I saw slave in the furrows of his cheek, but at the first gold coast navigators who thus dared to change humanity into a STRONG ASS. Not slaves alone are thus meanly subservient, I observed to myself. I know some in that predicament who are free.

I sometimes see a little mercenary attorney, COUCHING DOWN at the bar, taxing his bill of cost, and pointing out to the careless client, that he has forgotten ONE SHILLING MORE FOR THIS WRIT---I hear him argue not with ingenuity, not with eloquence, for then I would do him homage, but by rote; creeking sentences from the statute book, and hesitating law from his RUDDLE memory. I hear him scold a trembling culprit, as a toothless old woman scolds a wayward child---a culprit for the first time, whose only offence is cutting a twig from the wayside tree. But this urchin avenger of public wrongs holds his dog's eared law in one hand, and rudely pushes from him SWEET MERCY with the other. His bray, his stupidity, his callousness, are all derived from the house of Issachar; and when I see him with his green bag moiling for the last dollar of the entangled client, verily I see as strong an ass as the patriarch did, when he gazed at the most sluggish of his children.

On some of those days when I do not preach myself, I sit down in the body seat of the first meeting house that I find. Occasionally I am instructed by an ingenious sermon, modelled by a WORKMAN THAT NEEDETH NOT TO BE ASSHAMED; but when the clergyman is corpulent, redfaced, and a heavy leaner upon the cushion---when he sounds divinity through his nose---when he copies the huge pages of Dr. Gill and Flavel, and reads them without emphasis, though I cannot discern long ears rising each side of his wig, I am confident that some STRONG ASS has mistaken the pulpit for the stable.

Should I, in a morning's walk or ride, stop for rest at some log house or cottage in my way, and see a scurvy looking fellow, smelling strong of nauseous drugs, poking frequently into old saddle bags for phials, and feeling pulses which keep time with the watch; I should naturally think of Issachar. But should I hear the words WHITE SWELLING, or RIGHT ROSE CANCER, although I was a thousand leagues from the Cape-de-Verges and Spain, I should be positive that I heard something bray. And that some quack was near me in the shape of a strong ass.

LAY PREACHER.

MAXIM.

WE often imagine we love men in power; but interest alone is the true reason of our friendship for them: we espouse not their party to do them good, but from their hands to receive good.

SATURDAY, *February* 27, 1796.

THE Charleſton City Gazette of the 30th ult. received by the Ariel, on Sunday laſt, announces the arrival at that port, on the 28th, of the ſhip Gen. Pinkney, Wheelwright, from London, laſt from Falmouth, which he left Dec. 8. A paſſenger in this ſhip informed, that the Sedition Bill had paſſed both houſes; that bread was ſcarcer and dearer than ever; that no probability of peace appeared, although the French Aſſembly ſeemed to favor it; that the Weſt-India fleet ſailed Nov. 7, but obliged to put back in diſtreſs by a gale, in which 1200 troops periſhed; that ſaid tranſports were ſailing in ſeveral detatched ſquadrons, but the fleet, under Admiral Chriſtian, had not ſailed Dec. 8; that they ſpoke a French privateer, who put on board 4 officers of the Hibernia, one of 27 ſail from Cork, Dec. 1, for the Weſt-Indies, under convoy of the Leda frigate of 36 guns, which was diſperſed by a gale Dec. 16, when the Leda foundered, and every ſoul ſuppoſed periſhed but 7 men, who were taken up in a boat by the ſhip Brownlaw, Pinkerton; the Hibernian had put into Madeira, from whence ſhe ſailed on Chriſtmas day and was taken, value 27,000l. ſterling.

Another paſſenger informs, that the Charleſton paper of Monday, Feb. 1, would contain important accounts from the Rhine. Jourdan and Pichegru, in conjunction, were purſuing the Auſtrians in turn, with immenſe ſlaughter, &c.

Letters from Virginia ſtate, that the Governor had iſſued poſitive orders, to arreſt all further embarkations of HORSES and to detain all veſſels, on which horſes may have been embarked, until further inſtructions from the Preſident of the United States.

The honorable the Council of Appointment have appointed Dr. RICHARD BAILEY, Health Officer of this port, vice, Dr. William P. Smith, deceaſed.

The following Gentlemen, after examination, were duly admitted as Attornies at Law of the Mayor's Court, and ſworn in as ſuch, on Tueſday the 23d inſt.

Alexander M'Donald,
Robert P. Lee,
Benjamin Ferris,
Joſeph Conſtant,
and,
Cornelius Bogert, } From Weſt Cheſter.

of New-York.

The lateſt accounts from London, Liverpool, Briſtol, and Falmouth, ſtate the average price of wheat, flour, &c. as low, or rather leſs than it is in the United States (allowing for the extra weight, our buſhel being about 60, theirs 70lb.) Therefore, as the bounty of 15s. per quarter will ſcarcely pay the freight, it is probable, notwithſtanding the many preſſing letters lately received from England for ſhipments to be made, that little aſſiſtance will be afforded them from this country.

APPOINTMENT---by Authority.

William J. Miller, Eſq. formerly of Philadelphia, to be Conſul for the United States at Calcutta.

BOSTON, February 17.

TREATY WITH SPAIN.

On Monday laſt arrived here the ſhip Ruby, Captain Cole, in 70 days from Spain, bringing with him, as expected, a Treaty of Commerce, &c. between the United States and the court of Spain, concluded at Madrid, between his excellency Thomas Pinkney, on one part, and the Duke d'Alcudia, on the other. It went in the mail on Monday, for Philadelphia. Its contents the public are aware are unknown to us: The common report at Cadiz, was, that the free navigation of the Miſſiſſippi was granted to the United States. It will ſpeedily be laid before the Senate of the United States, and its contents when ratified, will be publiſhed in the Centinel by authority.

LONDON, Nov. 18.

Madame de Tourzel, who attended the Princeſs, has been arreſted by order of the Directory, and ſent to the priſon of Quatre Nations.

The difficulties in the diſtribution of bread have re-commenced: on the 12th, nothing but rice was delivered out. Bread is twenty-four francs per pound.

Jourdon has reſigned his command to General Kleber. This is ſtated to be in conſequence of fatigue.

An Armiſtice is ſaid to have taken place between the Chouans and Republicans.

The Louis d'Or, on the the 13th, 3290

The ſiege of Manheim was continued, on the 2d of November, with activity.

Merlin de Thionville, in the council of Five Hundred, on the 18th Brumaire, declared, that all the reports reſpecting the armies of the Rhine, were falſe or exaggerated. "Our retreat (ſaid he) was made in the beſt order, and ſtill we have a footing on the Rhine. We keep Duſſeldorf, Manheim, and the head of the bridge of Neuwied. If the enemy conſent not to peace, he will be forced to it by two formidable armies." (Applauſes.)

The deſertions from the French army continue to be numerous.

The Auſtrians, under Gen. Boroſe, have taken a fortified iſland in the Rhine, oppoſite to Thal; ſeven hundred French were made priſoners.

Three Milliards more have been granted to the Executive Directory, to defray the urgent expences of the Government.

A party of light horſe has paraded Parliament-ſtreet and Bridge-ſtreet every evening, on which the Treaſon and Sedition bills have been agitated in the Houſe of Commons.

November 23.

We this morning received Paris Journals to the 20th inſt. incluſive.

From theſe papers we learn, that the moſt dreadful diſtreſs prevails in Paris, and ſome commotions have taken place in conſequence. In many of the ſections, the unhappy people are wholly without bread, and the price of every article continues mounting to a moſt enormous and unprecedented height.

L'Eclair of the 20th inſt, has the following articles relative to the armies on the Rhine:

"The army of the Rhine has at laſt effected its junction with that of the Sambre and Meuſe, at Crentznach. The diviſion of the Auſtrian army which paſſed the Rhine, is at Alecy, and found itſelf taken in the rear by the two united armies, which are placed between it and the [illegible] We every inſtant expect the news of a decis[illegible]

Letters from Holland ſtate, that the fo[illegible] at Amſterdam, where every day new t[illegible]

DOVER, November 1[illegible]

A number of paſſengers landed this m[illegible] Two Sifters, Capt. Schouſted, from Calais. [illegible] we have the unpleaſant intelligence, that on [illegible] ing laſt, three Engliſh tranſports from Emb[illegible] bout 600 foreign troops on board, among w[illegible] number of emigrants, ran on ſhore near Calais [illegible] are ſuppoſed to be drowned by the violence [illegible] Several emigrants jumped overboard, and were dr[illegible] to eſcape falling into the hands of their countrymen.

BONN, November 16.

From Adjutant General Coubange, to the General of Brigade commanding at Liege and its environs.

"It is malevolence which ſpreads alarm on account of our armies. This malevolence will be defeated by [illegible] ſucceſs, when we learn that Gen. Marceau, command[illegible] of the right wing of our army has completely beaten Cla[illegible] fayt, that from four to five hundred of his men are killed, many made priſoners, amongſt whom are his firſt aid-du-camp, and 7 or 8 officers of his etat major. We learn that the left wing of our army, under the orders of Gen. Hatry, has equally beaten the enemy, and forced it to paſs the Seig; that the left wing is ready to paſs this river to chaſe the enemy, and clear entirely the right branch of the Rhine, eſpecially the part occupied by the army of the Sambre and Meuſe.

"This is an excellent manner, by which to ſilence the reports of our miſcarriages. I deſire you to make known this news." "COULANGE."

"Nov. 20. At this moment (nine o'clock in the evening) I haſten to announce to you that the ſiege of Manheim is raiſed, after a very ſerious action, in which the Auſtrians have been completely beaten."

NOTICE.

THE Copartnerſhip of HOLLBROOK and DOMINICK, Comb Manufacturers, is this day diſſolved by mutual conſent. All Perſons Indebted to the ſaid firm, are requeſted to make immediate payment, and thoſe having any demands to call on George F. Dominick, who is duly authoriſed to ſettle the buſineſs.

ABEL HOLLBROOK.
GEORGE F. DOMINICK.

N. B. An ELECTRIC MACHINE for ſale, enquire as above, or of the Printer hereof.

New-York, February 27, 1796. 03--tf.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Jackſon, Mr. GERRARD DEPEYSTER, ſon of Mr. James W. Depeyſter, of Bloomingdale, to Miſs MARGARET DEPEYSTER, eldeſt daughter of Mr. John Depeyſter of this city.

On Thurſday, 18th inſt. at Flatbuſh, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. ROBERT B. BATT, of New-Roſe, Ireland, to Miſs ELIZABETH STENGER, daughter of the late Capt. Stenger of Waterford.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Phebus, Mr. WHITNEY WEST, to Miſs SALLY LEFK, both of this city.

DIED

On Monday laſt, in the 56 year of his age, after an illneſs of three weeks, Capt CHARLES HARRISSON, formerly commander of an armed ſhip in the ſervice of the United States during the late war, and laſt an inſpector of the Revenue for the city of New-York. He was a TRUE and a TRIED PATRIOT, and a FRIEND TO LIBERTY and the RIGHTS OF MAN.

On Thurſday morning the 18th inſt. Miſs SUSANNAH SIEMON, in her 15th year, daughter of Mr. John Siemon, of this city, of a painful and lingering illneſs, which ſhe endured with patience and fortitude. Her kind and benevolent diſpoſition, her engaging and polite addreſs, cauſes her death to be ſincerely lamented by her friends and relatives. She was particularly diſtinguiſhed for thoſe amiable and engaging virtues, which adorn the female character, and which acquired her the eſteem of all who knew her.

THEATRE.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

This evening will be preſented,

A COMEDY, (written by Mrs. Cowley) called,

A Bold Stroke for a Huſband,

Don Julio,	Mr. Hodgkinſon
Don Carlos,	Mr. Cleveland
Don Cæſar,	Mr. Prigmore
Don Garcia,	Mr. Munto
Gaſper,	Mr. Johnſon
Don Vaſquez,	Mr. Roberts
Pedro,	Mr. Durang
[illegible], Don Vincentio,	Mr. Jefferſon.
Victoria,	Mrs. Cleveland
Minette,	Mrs. Hodgkinſon
Laura,	Mrs. Tyler
Marcella,	Mrs. Munto
Inis,	Mrs. Brett
Sancha,	Mrs. King
And, Olivia,	Mrs. Hallam.

To which will be added, the Grand Pantomime of

DON JUAN:

Or, the Libertine Deſtroyed.

With all the Muſic, Songs, Dances, &c.

Don Juan,	Mr. Hodgkinſon
Don Guzman, (the Commandant)	Mr. Hallam
Don Ferdinand,	Mr. Tyler
Pedro,	Mr. Durang
Villagers,	Meſſ. King, Munto, Cleveland, Hallam, jun.
Algüazils,	Meſſ. Woolls, Johnſon, Roberts, &c.
Sailors,	Meſſ. Lee, Durang, Des Moulins, &c.
Furies,	Meſſ. Leonard, M'Knight, Tompkins, &c.
And, Scaramouch,	Mr. Jefferſon.
Confidante,	Mrs. Brett
Banqueting Ladies,	Mrs. Hodgkinſon, Mrs. Munto, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. King, Mrs. Tompkins, &c.
Village Laſſes,	Mrs. Hallam, Mrs. Durang, and Mrs. Cleveland
Cottagers,	Miſs Brett, and Miſs Broadhurſt
And, Donna Anna,	Madame Gardie.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

The Doors will be opened a Quarter after FIVE, and the Curtain drawn up a Quarter after SIX O'CLOCK.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

Court of Apollo.

THE MOURNING MOTHER.

FROM heav'ns wide concave, where ſerenely mild,
The eye of Mercy beams upon the bleſt;
Look down anointed ſpirit of my child,
And view the anguiſh of a parent's breaſt.

Yet rather turn from miſery and woe,
Thou deareſt offspring of connubial love:
Nor let a mother's wretchedneſs below,
One moment daſh thy happineſs above.

Oh, Nature! thou my aching boſom arm,
With force of ſoul to play my trying part;
Thou who with magic hand haſt fix'd the charm,
That twiſts a child ſo ſtrongly round the heart.

Dear, loſt ELIZA, in thy infant years,
When ſweetneſs liſping prattled o'er its toys,
One ſmile of thine would diſſipate my fears,
And fill my boſom with a thouſand joys.

Thy wining ſoftneſs and thine artleſs truth,
The ſtarting tears from miſery have ſtole;
Supplied the buried huſband of my youth,
The firſt and laſt poſſeſſion of my ſoul.

Thou wert that all which fortune had beſtowed,
T' endear this tranſient and unreal ſtage;
To ſmooth life's weary and fatiguing road,
And chear alike infimity and age.

What ſcenes of fancied pleaſure would I trace,
Thy little race of prattlers to attend;
And paſs the ſhort remainder of my days,
A grandchild's parent, and a daughter's friend.

Deluſive dreams! return to glad my years,
O riſe again in all your form ſo fair!
Dejection now for happineſs appears,
And grief array'd by ſolitude and care,

Pardon juſt Heaven! But where the heart is torn,
The human drop of bitterneſs will ſteal;
Nor can we loſe the privilege to mourn,
Till we have loſt the faculty to feel.

Religion come! thou ſiſter of the ſkies,
And quickly lift thy ſaletary rod:
Nor let this daring argument of ſighs,
Too boldly tax the juſtice of my God.

O! mak me, then, all ſeeing pow'r, reſign'd,
Thy awful fiat humbly to receive;
And O! forgive the weakneſs of a mind
Which feels as mortals, and as ſuch muſt grieve.

And you, ye dames! your ſoft'ning tears employ,
You who can paint the ſorrows of the blow;
For who that never felt a mother's joy,
Can gueſs the depth and wideneſs of her woe.

ANECDOTE.

A Dutchman and his wife were travelling; they ſat down by the road, exceedingly fatigued. The wife ſighed, I WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN---The huſband replied I WISH I WAS AT THE TAVERN. Oh, you old rogue, ſays ſhe, you always want to get the BEST PLACE.

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largeſt aſſortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for ſale in this city, ſome of which is a very extra good quality, for ſale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-ſtreet, near the Fly Market. Alſo, 1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight of Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. 87 tf.

The Moraliſt.

GENEROSITY.

"THE liberality of every great man," ſays Cicero, "is a common kind of ſanctuary for all who are needy; to him they look up for ſafety and protection." And what are the advantages which riches give one man above any other, unleſs he employs them for the good of mankind? When men of rank and fortune diſtinguiſh themſelves by virtuous and generous actions; and, inſtead of ſquandering away their poſſeſſions in luxury and magnificence, ſeek out proper objects on whom to beſtow acts of leberality, then are wealth and honors truly valuable, and place their poſſeſſors in a proper point of view.

The truly benevolent man will relieve, to the utmoſt of his ability, any worthy object that chance may throw in his way: but he reſts not here; ſuch relief may be only temporary, and not perfectly ſuited to the nature of the caſe; and if he can by any means render himſelf more, effectually ſerviceable, he will think nothing of any little inconvenience that may ariſe to himſelf, and will exert his utmoſt in being inſtrumental to any one's happineſs.

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Naſſau-ſtreet.

Univerſal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the [illegible] proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is famous for its exellencies in all kinds of freſh [illegible] ſcalds, burns, ſore or gibb'd heels, and [illegible] it being of ſo innocent a compoſition [illegible] times of the year without any kind of

[illegible] of cures that has been performed with this [illegible] be atteſted to by many of the moſt reſpectable [illegible] of this city.

[illegible] mended to all familes, and particularly to maſters [illegible], as it retains its virtues in all climates.

[illegible] at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-[illegible] New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s.---3s and 2s each [illegible] allowance will be made to thoſe who purchaſe by [illegible] quantity. Jan. 9 93---tf.

[illegible] LOYD, reſpectfully informs her friends and the public, that ſhe continues to carry on the STAY MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as uſual, No. 30. Veſey-ſtreet, where ſhe hopes for the continuance of thoſe favors which it will be her conſtant endeavors to deſerve. Feb. 14, 1795. 1y

MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINARY, AND CLEAR-STARCHING, Done in the Neateſt Manner, at No, 39, Ferry Street.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-ſtreet,
Between the Coffee-Houſe and Old-Slip.

R. LOYD reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a ſtrict attention to buſineſs he will endeavor to deſerve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.
February. 14, 1795. 1 y

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, *Miliner*,

From London, the backſhop, No. 59, Maiden-lane,

TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that ſhe has received in ſome of the lateſt veſſels from London. Dreſs and half dreſs caps, bonnets, hats, &c. ſtraw wreaths and ſprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich ſilk gauze for dreſſes, ſome faſhes, and a variety of ribbons, black lutſtring and ſatin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove ſprings, ſandal-patterns, &c.
New-York, Dec. 19, 1795. 90 tf.

Playing Cards.

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single Pack, for Sale at this Office

Almanacks for 1796,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed with neatneſs, accuracy and diſpatch.

Elegant and Cheap Prints.

The greateſt Variety ever offered for ſale in this country.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloſs Hobart, Eſq. one of the Juſtices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of ELIPHALET SEAMAN, inſolvent debtor, that they ſhew cauſe, if any they have, before the ſaid John Sloſs Hobart, Eſq. at his chambers in the city of New-York, at the City Hall, on Tueſday the 8th of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the ſame day, why an aſſignment of the eſtate of ſaid Eliphalet Seaman ſhould not be made, and the ſaid Eliphalet Seaman diſcharged, according to the directions of an act of the Legiſlature of the State of New-York, entitled, "An Act for giving relief in caſes of Inſolvency." Paſſed the 21ſt of March, 1788.--- Dated 30th January, 1796.

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning Creditors.
January 30. 96---6w.

Chriſtopher Bennet, *Tailor*,

No. 4, Pecks-ſlip.

RETURNS his ſincere thanks to his friends for their paſt favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewiſe informs the public that he carries on the above buſineſs in the neateſt and moſt faſhionable manner, and upon the moſt reaſonable terms.------N. B. Gentlemen who wiſh to be furniſhed with articles in his line will pleaſe to give notice and they will be ſerved.

Alſo, a fine aſſortment of very handſome Veſt Shapes and Clouded Caſſimers on hand, ſuitable to the ſeaſon.
Aug, 3. 78---tf.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that ſhe has removed to No. 29, Vanderwater-ſtreet, near the corner of Pearl-ſtreet, where ſhe will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her buſineſs, and flatters herſelf that ſhe will merit the future cuſtom and approbation of her employers.
Nov. 14, 1795. 83---t.f.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOOD STORE, from No. 127, William-ſtreet, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third houſe from the ſouth weſt corner of William-ſtreet, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmoſt ambition to merit.

To be ſold and immediate poſſeſſion given, that very convenient New Houſe, No. 51, Chamber-ſtreet, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.
New-York, Jan. 16, 1796.

Cargo Memorandum Books.

COMPLETELY ruled in colums, for date, mark, No. No. of packages, length, breadth, depth, ſolid contents, freight, by whom ſhipped, and to whom conſigned, being the moſt uſeful book of the kind for Maſters of veſſels, and ſea-faring gentlemen ever made uſe of---For ſale at John Harriſſon's Book-Store and Printing-Office.--Price Half a Dollar. Alſo,

Dutch Memorandum Books.

FITZSIMONS,

Ladies Hair Dreſſer, from Liverpool, No 38, Pearl Street between the Muſeum and White-Hall.

WHERE may be had Engliſh Pomatum, of the firſt quality, juſt imported---Alſo, the much approved Odoriferous Marrow, for preſerving, thickening, and ſtrengthening the hair. Feb. 20. 100---tf.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.
Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-ſtreet. 85tf.